

The
**Missionary
Helper**



PUBLISHED
MONTHLY
BY THE

FREE BAPTIST WOMANS MISSIONARY SOCIETY



June, 1886.



PROVIDENCE R.I.

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The Missionary Helper.

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WILLIMANTIC
THE BEST THREAD FOR SEWING MACHINES



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BY THE

FREE BAPTIST

WOMAN'S * MISSIONARY * SOCIETY.

VOL. IX.

JUNE, 1886.

No 6.

WHILE the old world is sending to us men and women who are to enjoy the benefits of our free institutions, many of whom may be thoughtless of their privileges, it is giving to us now and then those who are to be "armor bearers" for truth and righteousness. The East Indian Training Institution has just started on their way three devoted young men; one to labor among the colored people of West Virginia, and two for different parts of Illinois.

Do many of us feel as does good Dr. Lyman Abbott, about the condition of things in our western towns. Should we be shocked to go where we should find no church, no Sunday School, no religious services? He says: "I heard of such a town, the other day, made up of men who had resolved that they would have no preacher and no gospel there. One man who had tried it for a year bore a bitter testimony of the result." And then he adds: "It is pitiful to think how many children grow up even in this land of ours in ignorance, not knowing how to read and write. It is more pitiful to think how many there are who grow up not knowing how to pray or praise." What is our duty?

Do not fail to read what Mrs. Phillips says about the Literature Fund, and send contributions as fast as possible.

ALL the readers and friends of the *HELPER* will be glad to welcome Mrs. Fanny Stewart Mosher as the editorial contributor, whose gifted pen will tend to increase interest in the Home Department especially. She is a warm friend of all that pertains to the true development of life and its opportunities. Articles for this department should be sent to her address.

WE must keep this thought before the mind, repeating it over and over, that a church without missions, without earnest aggressive work, is a declining church. "The gravitation of pure love is toward equal distribution. You cannot accumulate water in a heap except by freezing it." God does bless the church which goes out in self-denying ministries to others.

THE method which will correct our imperfect ways and develop us the most surely, is the one to be adopted. The use of fines for unfriendly criticism of others is brought out by an article in this issue. The *Heathen Woman's Friend* suggests that as soon as the cure is effected that a "love purse" take the place of the punitive receptacle. It says: "Let us hasten our reformation so that we may drop in the dimes or pennies with a glow of pleasure rather than a blush of mortification."

IT gives pleasure to mention the work being done by Mrs. McKenney, of Minnesota, in the western section of the home field. She is going among the churches as an inspirer and organizer, and good results already appear, in interest awakened and auxiliaries organized.

In the eastern section our own Miss DeMeritte is being

welcomed to Quarterly and Yearly Meetings. May rich blessings attend both these earnest women and there result an increase of devotion to the advancement of Christ's kingdom.

Now is the time for earnest work in securing new subscribers. As has been done for the last two or three years, let a good number be obtained for six months. An effort in this direction in every church will pay well. Some who discontinued may now be ready to renew, and the Yearly Meetings will afford an excellent opportunity for this increase.

In looking over the subscription list we find a large number who have not paid for the present year, and a few who are still in arrears for 1885. Will not all who possibly can send payment *before July first*? Sometimes a subscriber will ask to have her copy discontinued and forget to pay for the months she has received it. This involves a loss to the HELPER which is doubtless not considered.

OUR Lutheran friends as well as our Methodist have a Loan Fund for the aid of their church extension work. The plan has many commendable features. The one which stands out prominently as to its advantage is that it preserves the self-respect of the churches thus aided. Their *Missionary Journal* says: The help thus given needy churches is only an honorable loan, like any other loan, and no church by receiving such loan is pauperized thereby. They merely borrow the amount needed to tide them over a present emergency, a temporary hour of need in their history as a congregation, and, afterwards, as soon as able, they repay it, and, after a certain time, return the principal. In all this there is nothing whatever calculated to degrade the church thus helped in its own self-respect; but the entire transaction is honorable and uplifting, both to those who give and to those who receive. And for this feature or influence of it I deem this loan fund plan of helping needy churches a better one than the donation fund plan.

To be Ministered Unto, or to Minister?

[BY THE REV. L. S. BEAN.]

INCARNATE selfishness has been a curse of our world. From the very commencement of human life its direful effects have been witnessed.

Adam pleased himself. Christ "pleased not Himself." The first man desired to be ministered unto, the second man to minister. Christ was incarnate unselfishness, and unless we have the spirit of Christ we are none of His. Which is the prevailing desire in our hearts, "to be ministered unto," or "to minister?" For which do we prize religion the most, for what it brings to us, or what it enables us to bring to others.

If ever this earth is redeemed from sin and vice it must be done through self-sacrifice, devotion to Christ. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ." Addressing the Father, Christ says, "As Thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world." Does the Christian church fully realize this truth, that she is sent upon the same mission as Christ, "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister?" Does the individual Christian comprehend this fact, that he is sent "to seek and to save that which was lost?"

Have not the blessings of the Gospel, in which we all rejoice, reached us through the unselfishness of Christ? What are *we* doing? Are we not to be imitators of Him? Is there not danger, with all of us, that in our eager striving after the things of this life we may forget that all we hold should be held for the blessing of humanity?

It would not be difficult to fill pages of the *HELPER* with narratives of brave, self-sacrificing endeavors for Christ, and to show how God has seen fit to gloriously bless this manifestation of the Christ spirit.

Think of Erromonga. On the 20th of November, 1839, John Williams and James Harris, their hearts filled with love for Christ, earnestly seeking to tell the natives of Jesus, fell beneath their murderous blows. Their bodies are cooked and their flesh eaten in savage cannibal feast.

On the 20th of May, 1861, James N. Gordon and his heroic wife are killed by the very men they are seeking to

bless. But still the Christ spirit urged on, and James D. Gordon, a brother of the murdered man, volunteered to fill the station. He, too, died by the assassin's stroke, Feb. 25, 1872, while in his study, endeavoring to translate the Scriptures for his murderers. So much wanton bloodshed causes us to pause and question, does it pay, this sacrificing the lives of brave men and women for such bloodthirsty wretches? But, remember, we might, with equal reason question did it pay to sacrifice the wondrous life of the Son of God for such ungrateful creatures. Yet the prophet declared, "He shall see of the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied."

And if the pure spirits of the martyrs of Erromonga beheld the following scene, as described in the *Presbyterian Record*, may we not well believe they too were satisfied? "A missionary, the Rev. Hugh A. Robertson, lands on Erromonga, after an absence of nearly two years. What is his welcome? The moment it becomes known that he is on board the "Dayspring," a boat is manned and the principal men of the island hasten to meet him. Crowds escort him and his wife from the beach to the house. Day by day for weeks they flock from far and near to welcome him. Women carry their babes twenty miles to join in the welcome. Presents of all that the natives value most, and all that is of use to the missionary, are brought from every quarter, proving the sincerity of the general joy. And shortly afterwards the Lord's supper was celebrated on Erromonga, one hundred and seventy-nine disciples of Jesus partaking of the emblems of his redeeming love. Over six hundred participated in, or witnessed the delightful services, which were held within sight of the spot where Williams and Harris fell, and where the Gordons lie buried."

Wanted, in the Christian church to-day, men and women, not that must be patted and petted to be kept at work, but who *will work*, who cannot be stopped from working, who desire "not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

WEST DERRY, VT., April 8, 1886.

No difference how humble we may be, if we are kind, gentle, Christ-like, the world will be better because we live in it.

1865—1885.

[BY MRS. J. E. BURKHOLDER.]

[This paper was read before the Mission Literary Society at the last session of the Yearly Meeting, held at Balasore, India. It was requested to be published, and most cordially will it be welcomed by the readers of the *HELPER*.]

AT what lighting speed the years fly past, and ere we are aware of it, we have reached the close of our second decade of service in India. As we stand on the threshold of the third decade we turn to review the distance traveled. Ah! what crooked paths our feet have made? How blind we were at a certain bend of the road, when our sight should have been far-reaching. How dark, very dark it seemed at another turn, when really we might have seen the clear light of heaven shining brightly just above us, if we had but looked heavenward rather than earthward.

Many, yes, very many times when we should have been pressing onward towards the prize with eager feet, strong and courageous, we fainted and faltered. When our faith in our Father should have been boundless and our hold on His everlasting arm firm, we turned to poor weak puny self for aid. How passing strange it is that our great Father is compelled to turn us back again and yet again in the book of our daily life before we can understand the lessons He would have us learn. Mysterious, indeed, have been his dealings, and His ways past finding out. Deep rivers and green pastures, fiery trials and still waters, desert wanderings and Elim's palms, rugged steeps and smiling fields, dark nights and cloudless mornings, have all combined to make ours a checkered life. From our present height we would lift our souls in adoration and "praise him from whom all blessings flow." Truly our lines have fallen to us in pleasant places and we have a goodly heritage. From the depths of our souls we would sing, "I'd rather walk in the dark with God, than go alone in the light."

It is but human to occasionally look on the dark side of our work, and to think that nothing is being accomplished. In reviewing the past twenty years I have been led to thank God for what He has permitted us to see. When we came to India the zenana work had not been thought of, much

less begun in our mission. Now it forms one of the most important departments in our field. The fearful famine had not then filled our orphanages with the poor famished little ones. Now we rejoice over the scores of men and women trained from among them, who are the fathers and mothers of our Christian households, teachers in our schools and preachers in the great field. Santipore was on the point of being abandoned. Bhudruck had not been entered. Bábagádia had not been heard of. Palasbáni was not known. Dainmári was still in heathenish darkness. Bhimpore was nameless, so far as we were concerned. Tillághagri and Gorisole were still in the grasp of native rajas. Now, each of these places forms a centre from which light radiates into the surrounding darkness.

The translation of Scripture into Santal had been barely commenced. A few schools among this wild people had been opened. Now, thousands of boys and girls have learned to read the Bible in their own strange tongue. Not one of the hundreds of poor children had been gathered into the ragged schools, who now are daily being taught to read and write. The Bible school was in the far future.

We would not fail to mark the great change brought about in the condition of woman, both Christian and heathen. I never shall forget how one of our very best native preachers objected to our holding the women's prayer-meeting in our house, which was less than a quarter of a mile from the Christian village, and that, too, in the middle of the afternoon, because the women would be in danger of being led astray while going to and from the meeting! That day is past. The down trodden, enslaved women throughout this broad fair land have heard the death knell of their bondage. The hands of the clock cannot go backwards. The fetters once broken cannot be reforged. The light shining into haunts of cruelty must continue to shine on until the perfect day.

The internal progress of the native church must not be overlooked. There was such a thing as a contribution for the support of the Gospel, but only to a very meagre extent. We all very well knew the pleasing change in this regard. There has been a great improvement in self-culture. A greater interest is taken in securing a good education for their children. Many more books and periodicals are read than formerly, and the best feature of it is that these are

paid for by the people, rather than by the mission. The cart-loads of tracts which were scattered broadcast, have given place to a steady increase in the number of books sold. The plan of bringing all the Christians into one compound has virtually been abolished. This is a great step in advance. New converts can and do remain in their own villages.

Hoary headed caste, once strong and powerful, staggers each year nearer and nearer the brink of its grave. Many other points might be mentioned, but enough have been cited to show that the work has not, at least, been standing still.

In America the number of the earnest and faithful has greatly increased, although at times we feel discouraged at at their slow pace and meagre support of our work; still much more is being done now than was twenty years ago. Gross ignorance with regards to our field and its needs is giving place to knowledge. Organized efforts among the women and children as it now exists had not been thought of. The MISSIONARY HELPER was a supposed impossibility. What of *us* here in the field twenty years ago? When we came to the mission we found Mr. and Mrs. Miller at Balasore, Miss Crawford at Jellasore, and Dr. Bachelor in Midnapore. What a large force to hold the fort against overwhelming numbers! Our coming added five to the mission band, making nine in all. Since that time four former missionaries have returned to the field, and twenty-two new workers have come to us, each serving a longer or shorter term. Now, we are fourteen, which surely is better than four of twenty years ago. Six times during these years have the summons come for one and another of our number to enter into his reward. Two were called before they had scarcely put on the armor, while three can say with the apostle of old, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course."

One by one we are finishing our work, and are passing on, giving place to others yet to come. What will be the record of the next twenty years, and who of us will be there to record to it? He alone can tell who sees the end from the beginning, and in whose sight a thousand years are as one day, and one day as a thousand years.

MIDNAPORE, INDIA.

"Heroines of The Mission Field."

[BY MRS. MARY SMITH VIETS]

THE subject of this sketch, Fidelia Fiske, was born in Sherburne, Mass., in 1816. From early childhood she had a natural bent towards the missionary field. Her uncle was a missionary in Palestine and her interest was kept up by his letters. She was educated at Mount Holyoke Seminary.

At one time Dr. Perkins, a returned missionary, addressed the pupils, urging that at least one young lady be set apart to return with him to the field. The preceptress, Miss Lyon, called a meeting of the teachers and scholars that evening, and so earnestly did she talk and pray with them that as a result six of the teachers afterwards went to the mission field, and Fidelia was chosen as the one to return with Dr. Perkins. Her widowed mother at first objected, but finally gave her hearty "God-speed."

In 1843, Miss Fiske sailed with a company of six for Smyrna, and was stationed at Uroomiah, Persia. This is the birthplace of Zoroaster, the founder of the Parsee religion. The natives are called Nestorians. At once Miss Fiske looked about to see where she could do the most good among so much that was evil. The condition of the Nestorian women filled her with pity and dismay. They were treated no better than were the dumb animals—the name by which they were called signified "donkey," they had no words for *love* or *home*. In one large room lived a family of several generations. As each son married he brought his wife to be another slave in the squalor of his father's house. The poor wife working all day in the field, taking care of her baby at the same time, came back weary at night, only to cook and prepare supper, and wait on her lord and master, until his hunger was appeased; then, only could she eat and rest.

Miss Fiske undertook to help these poor women and went among them without outward shrinking, but she soon found that their minds and natures were so dwarfed and dulled that her efforts were well nigh futile. She grasped the thought of educating the little girls, and thus bringing up another generation of women that would be on a higher plane of existence. How should she get the girls? She must have them to live with her, for if they came days and

went back to their wretched huts at night her work would be greatly retarded. The parents were afraid that if they let their girls go it would ruin their chance of marriage, or make them above working in the field.

Miss Fiske did not despair, and asked for but six for a beginning. The opening day was set, and notice spread far and near. She waited and waited till the day was nearly gone and not one had come; but towards night an old man came into the yard leading two little girls and gave them to her, saying, "No man shall take them away from you." Miss Fiske cleansed, bathed, clothed these girls—they were with her night and day; if she went out she took them with her; she gave herself to them completely. From this small beginning the school grew, until another building had to be provided for its accommodation, and another lady missionary became assistant to Miss Fiske.

Several times they were threatened with persecutions from the Persian government, and once the school was obliged to suspend for a time; but finally right prevailed. The pupils were taught the customs of civilized life, educated in books and work, and above all they were shown the way of life, and a large part of them became earnest Christians, eager to spread the glad tidings to their families and friends. The mothers were reached through their daughters, and Miss Fiske lived to see her first plan of helping the women a partial success.

After laboring constantly for sixteen years among the Nestorians Miss Fiske's health failed. She must give up her loved work and return to America for medical treatment. Promising that if possible she would return, she sailed for America in the latter part of 1859. She spent the first few months after her return in working for Persia by speaking at meetings and stirring up enthusiasm for the work among her friends. She assumed charge of Mt. Holyoke Seminary for a short time, but her disease progressed rapidly, and she died July 26, 1864.

The Secretary of the American Board said, "In the structure and working of her whole nature, she seemed to me the nearest approach I ever saw, in man or woman to my ideal of our beloved Saviour as He appeared on the earth. This is high praise; but the labors and the life of Fidelia Fiske combine to bear it out."

RIVERTON, CONN.

Encouragements to Faith.

[BY MRS. M. E. TUCKER.]

A MISSIONARY, who had long been in the field and done noble service, was asked, "What are your strongest encouragements in your work?" replied, "The promises of God!" Yes, but there are many discouragements, and the work progresses slowly; again replied, "We have nothing to do with that, the promises of God are sure."

Do we, my sisters, readers of the *MISSIONARY HELPER*, fully comprehend that great prophetic promise, "And the stone that smote the image became a great mountain and filled the earth?" This means nothing less than the entire supremacy of the kingdom of our Lord in this world.

To me there is a growing meaning in the prayer which Jesus taught His disciples while on earth: "Thy Kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." Our Lord would not have taught us to use these words in prayer daily if He had not intended to answer the petition. What encouragement have we to toil on, knowing that He has infinite resources to draw from in accomplishing His purposes. We should count ourselves greatly honored to be used even in the humblest way as workers together with Him in the great redemptive work of our world. Besides the promises of God the history of our race is teaching the same great truth.

The prophets saw but dimly in the early dawn of the world that which inspiration taught them to record for us in the Old Testament scriptures. The apostles comprehended more clearly in the fuller light of the presence and teachings of the Christ. But prophecy, and the teachings of Christ and His apostles, and the history of the Christian Church are flooding our day with joyous expectation and unwavering faith which leads a multitude of devoted Christian men and women to leave home and loved ones that they may carry the glad news of a blessed Saviour to the dark places of the earth.

There are to-day 6,000 educated men and women in our numerous mission-fields, besides a much larger number of native helpers.

A glance at the work of the different denominations will

confirm this idea. The "Missionary Union" of the Baptist denomination is rejoicing over the recent payment of its large debt of about \$130,000, and with a surplus in its treasury it is joyfully entering two new fields of labor; Upper Burmah in Asia and the Congo Valley in Africa. Its Home Mission Society is confidently expecting the removal of its debt of \$123,000, when with renewed zeal it will go forth with its sister denominations to conquer America for Christ. God is raising up men of wealth to give large sums to help forward this glorious work. One of these stewards of God has offered \$30,000 to clear away the debt of the Home Mission Society. What may not consecrated hearts, and heads, and purses do in the next fifty years?

The Congregationalist denomination alone has (date 1884) 146 ordained missionaries and 250 assistant missionaries, making a working force of 1,824. Their training schools and theological schools are giving to 2,066 young men, many of them fitting for the Christian ministry. Their girls' schools enroll 1,549, constituting a growing power for the Christian homes of the next generation. The Methodist denomination is moving forward with consecrated zeal. Other evangelical denominations are not behind those mentioned in hearing and obeying the voice of our Lord who said just before His ascension, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Obedience is ours. Results are His.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Bible Reading.

[BY MRS. A. C. HAYES]

LET us continue the subject we were considering the last time, and return to verse 14: "And the world hath hated them, because they are not of the world; even as I am not of the world." The hatred now is not such as it then was, but this only affords the more favorable opportunity,—because less guarded by us,—for the god of this world to make his sly and amiable-faced devices succeed; and *his* hatred is as violent as ever.

The worldly spirit has no sympathy, to-day, with the Christly spirit; and to attempt to make the two harmonize and work together is a sad mistake.

See in Is., lv., 9, what is God's estimate of the difference between His ways and thoughts and those of the world. The superiority of one over the other is represented as immeasurable. The world's way is along the level, or descent, that seeks ease and pleasure, and avoids, as much as possible, sacrifice and hardship. It is bounded by time, and its best things are objects of physical sense. But God's way for us is upward, through struggle and overcoming, through self-sacrifice and endurance. It scales height after height, whose base lies in shadow; but he always walks Himself, though unseen, with those who walk in his way; and each new summit gained commands a broader, grander, lovelier outlook than the last. His way has only its beginning in time, and its best things are richly enjoyed without the aid of the senses.

The world's thoughts are of some kind of gratification, in and through these earthly bodies. But his thoughts for us are of tried and proved, pure, strong, and beautiful spirits to be matured in us; of grand conquests of righteousness to be won in each of us, and through us in all the world. For his plan for us evidently embraces this two-fold object: the individual's highest good, and what the individual may do for others, in the great work of bringing the world to God. No one can fail to see this two-fold object in all our Lord's teachings. How plainly it appears in this prayer! he craves joy for his disciples, but it is *his* joy — the joy of the Father's approval and fellowship while doing the Father's will in self-sacrifice for others' good. So in that repeated petition in verses 21 and 23: the wide and grand *result* of his immediate request is also in his mind. And why does he say he has given his followers the glory the Father gave him — the glory of uniting the human with the divine and establishing by the cross the kingdom of God upon earth? Not only "that they may," personally, "be one in us," but also, "that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them" (including all who believe through their word) "as thou hast loved me."

Are *our* desires and aims in sympathy with all this prayer of our Lord? Is God's way our way? Are we glad His thoughts for us are so high? If we are of the company for whom this prayer is made, then can Jesus say of us, "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world."

Unsatisfied.



RESTLESS and unsatisfied,
 "Of what use is life?" I cried.
 "All my wishes are denied,
 All my duties trivial seem,
 I have energies I deem.
 What I could be, oft I dream.
 Yet I cannot see my way
 From this spot whereon I stay,
 So hope fadeth day by day."

Then a voice was at my side —
 ('Twas His voice, the Crucified) —
 "Let My conduct be thy guide.
 Law and prophets to fulfill,
 Was my life devoted still,
 For I came to do His will."

What that "will" the Scripture saith :
 Thirty years of Nazareth,
 Three years' public work; then death.
 Thirty years unknown I trod
 Galilee's sequestered sod,
 But my life was known to God.

"Daily work at Joseph's call,
 Daily life with duties small,
 Yet was I the Lord of all.
 And these hands, the world that made,
 Cheerfully at lowliest trade
 Wrought, and Joseph's will obeyed.

"When my public work began
 As a poor wayfaring man,
 Passed I up and down the land.
 What my earthly need to be
 Scorned by scribe and Pharisee,
 And to die upon the tree?

"Daughter, let thy life be true —
 Thou a blessed work shalt do.
 Though unseen to mortal view,
 I shall know it, I shall see,
 When with willing heart and free
 Thou obedient art to Me.

"All thy quiet life I know,
 For I planned it long ago;

And would'st thou that 'twere not so?
I have given all for thee;
Live thy quiet life for Me,
So shall it transfigured be."

Now on these sweet words I rest;
And have ceased my anxious quest,
For the Master knoweth best.
And hereafter, well, I ween,
In God's light it shall be seen
Of what use this life hath been.

— *Selected.*

Polly Pimpkins' Penitence Bag.

JUST what made me think of it was this: Mrs. Crutten-den (she that was the friend of my mother, long since with Jesus in heaven), sent me "Mrs. Pickett's Missionary Box." I said, "Capital!" That's my word, since Elder B. said we shouldn't say *splendid* so much, because it didn't mean anything as generally applied. A splendid missionary box! No; that wouldn't have done for a little four-sided affair, with an aperture at the top, smaller by far than the window in Noah's ark.

Now, Polly Pimpkins was an original piece of human clay; that is to say, she had ideas of her own, and strength of purpose enough to carry them out; which condition of things, in her younger days, put her into many a tight box, which, with the boxes about her ears, gave her a great aversion to anything bearing the name. She would say when we wanted her to take a box at the missionary meeting, "That's too much like a secret society; don't amount to a great deal, only on parade days. I'll have a bag; that's scriptural, and a test of character." I confess to having said inwardly, "Judas," but I never argued with Polly. I knew it would be like casting pearls before diamonds: the flash of the diamond would put the pearls in the shade.

Polly was a great favorite, and her acquaintance was eagerly sought, which led to the discovery on her part that gossip entered into ordinary conversation much more largely than it ought. As she never met an evil which she did not try to crush, she at once began work upon this one, at home — the "Jerusalem" for every one of us; and the first *penitence bag* was put on record.

According to the sin was the deposit. If merely an insinuation of evil,—a penny; but if the word was spoken against the Lord's anointed, she put in a silver dollar. "For," said she, "in proportion as you lessen the influence of the minister, in that proportion do you lessen the power of the Word preached—humanly speaking." To her credit, be it said, but one dollar ever went into the bag on that account, and then it was when the pastor thought to have a lamb of his own, and all she said was, "Why couldn't he have married a *woman of experience*?" Now, Polly was a woman of experience. Could you blame her?

Let me tell you Polly Pimpkins' bag was no *calico* curiosity; but made of the brightest ribbons, put together with fancy stitches, and tied, just as if it was meant to be seen. Over and over again she answered the question, "What is this little bag for?" Being a very practical woman she occupied her spare moments in making a number of the little bags, always having one ready to give to any friend who seemed interested. Before the annual meeting of the Missionary Society she invited all the bag-keepers to a little banquet of her own. They had a most delightful gathering, for having schooled themselves not to gossip, they talked over missionary intelligence, made plans for future giving, told each other how God had blessed them in the "new departure," and ended with a real "close communion" prayer-meeting,—a precious memory for all time, on account of the "Spirit's presence." So Polly Pimpkins' Penitence Bag resolved itself into that grand, sweet word,—CHARITY. *Mary A. Woodworth, in "Helping Hand."*

AN immense Buddhist temple which was destroyed by fire twenty years ago in Kioto, is now being rebuilt; no expense is to be spared, and the estimated cost is more than three million of dollars. According to the *Missionary News*, the timbers will be drawn to their places in the new building by ropes made of their own hair, contributed by the women of Japan. More than a ton of those unique cables will be used for the purpose.

What will American girls do to provide a building that shall be a centre of Christian influence, a real and permanent benefit to women and girls in Japan, is pertinent question.

Correspondence.

[FROM MISS HATTIE PHILLIPS.]

TOKENS OF GOOD.

AT a recent session of the Balasore Quarterly Meeting this question came up for discussion: Can a Christian go about among the heathen and preach the gospel independently of outside support; that is, will the heathen give the necessary food and clothing to a man who does so? The question was fairly well discussed, the general feeling being that our Chandra Lela, of whom the readers of the *HELPER* have heard, had demonstrated that the thing *can* be done.

A young man named Sachi, a graduate of the Bible School, and doubtless the most talented and promising young man we have, seemed greatly exercised on the subject. He said that while a member of the Bible School he tried the experiment for one season, but the result was hardly satisfactory. The Hindus believing he did have outside support gave him food grudgingly, and the experiment cost him a disordered system for nearly a year after. "However," he said, "this is a question I have thought of a great deal. All along this great pilgrim road our missionaries and native preachers have worked at every bazar and market; but back from the high road there are countless villages that have never been reached, the people of which have never heard the sound of the gospel. Now, I am a strong young man; I can go and shift for myself. If hardships come I can bear them, and I ask no odds of anybody. But what about my family? I cannot take my wife with me, neither can I furnish her a support at home. Has not the church a duty toward the family of a man who engages in this kind of work? I want very much to hear this question thoroughly discussed. I want light on the subject. I want to do my duty, but as yet I am in the dark as to just what it is." You can imagine whether or not we thanked God for this young man's zeal to bless his countrymen even at the cost of his own personal ease and comfort.

[FROM MRS D. F. SMITH.]

I write you to-day from our new home. Before I returned from Darjeeling it had been decided to move the

Orphanage into Balasore, for a time at least. The children have been greater sufferers from malarial fevers this year than any previous year, and, during my enforced absence, from the same cause, nearly the whole school became affected with it. One dear little girl died; another has died since coming here, and three more are in a very dangerous state. We came to Balasore just one week after my return home, but until the 15th of this month have had no certain abiding place. Everything not absolutely needed for the time being had to be left behind, and *very often* it transpired that *the thing most needed* was left. Now we are in a home that we can call our own if we wish to; in an old house about one-half mile from the town, but capable of being made a very good one. It has large grounds, plenty of water, and abounds in fruit and shade trees. At present it is not comfortable, being so much out of repair, but knowing what it can be in the future we are content to suffer present inconveniences. My work just now is in two places, the care of the orphanage here and the schools left in Jellasore.

The annual government examination of the day school in the mission compound at Patna, Jellasore, commences on the 8th of next month. My teachers and a few of the orphanage children connected with the advanced classes, who are able to study, are left in the mission school till after this examination.

This mission school is comprised of the children belonging to the Orphanage, the children from the Christian village, and those who choose to come from the surrounding Hindu villages. The Orphanage being removed here will make it necessary to reorganize the school, as these interruptions and changes involve something more than the facts above stated.

Some of the children have been put back at least one year in the prescribed course on account of illness, and of some others there seems little hope of their ever entering upon the course again. Then present arrangements connected with the work in and around Jellasore must be changed, and other work taken up here. If defeat and disaster were to follow the upsetting of our plans, we might well be disheartened, and sometimes we are sorely tempted in this direction.

We have often to remind ourselves of the words of Jesus : "What I do then knowest not now ; but thou shalt know hereafter." "The Lord will not cast off his people, neither will he forsake his inheritance."

Our annual prize-giving comes off in Jellasure immediately after the examinations, and we are very busy these days making scrap-books, little garments, dressing dolls, etc., etc. The contents of boxes sent through Mr. George are very nearly exhausted. Are others coming to us? We hope so.

BALASORE, February, 1886.

[FROM MRS. GRIFFIN.]

SOME COLD SEASON EXPERIENCES.

DEAR HELPER READERS : There is so much to tell, there is so much to do, where shall I begin? I did want to go to-night to look up some Bengali women who had asked to see me, but to-night we must pack up to move on. Mr. Griffin has gone to the market with the native preacher, and I am alone with the children.

Last evening I went out with the little ones and will tell you "my experience." We are here for a few days, and may or may not come again next year. There is something pitiful in passing by these women's pleas. May God have mercy on us all for what we fail to do. Oh, for more to tell these people of Christ!

But of last night. Nellie and I walked. Our nineteen-pound baby was carried by a woman who works for us. And our Frankie, having had fever, was too weak to walk, and was also carried by a man who serves us. A few steps from the house we met a portly babu who eyed me closely and looked sharply at my books, so I ventured to say, "Good evening. These are books for sale; would you like to see them?" You should have seen the look of scorn with which he said "No, I have no use for your books. Do you think I would read a *Christian* book!" I wish I could put between the lines the peculiar emphasis of disgust with which that word *Christian* was said. At my reply he bowed haughtily and walked on. Not a very encouraging beginning thought I.

We went along and coming to a by-road saw some wo-

men standing by a house and turned in to talk with them. They invited me to sit down, which I did upon the stone steps of the mud hut and told them the story of the cross. They listened attentively. A man was folding clothes on the verandah, for they were the washerman caste. He asked some intelligent questions but said he could not read and it would be no use for him to learn, for he never could be allowed to do any other thing than to wash clothes. I repeated the important points again and again, and told them these were the words of life for them and for all, and walked on wondering when they would hear them again, and if one seed had fallen upon good ground.

Soon a little troop of children was following us, and as I went I told them a story. They were a mixed company, growing larger as we came to the bazars. They asked what I came there for, and I replied that I had come to tell the women and children of Christ. They said, "There are some women, tell them." So I sat down on the verandah where was the home of one of the well dressed boys. A company gathered, the passers by stopped till the street was filled, and my congregation must have numbered nearly a hundred. It is such a precious privilege to talk to such a company as this. "Were they all interested? Yes, in a way. Interested to know what the white woman was talking about. Some of them had quite an idea of Christianity—having heard before. Some seemed eager to hear; others stopped a little and passed on. At length, I asked if any one would take my books. A few were taken, the women in the house buying some for their boys and asking for a Bengali book for themselves. Two Mussulmen asked for Hindustani bibles.

Farther on we stopped in front of a large shop and asked the keeper to buy a book. He said "No, and do not stand here with your Christian books, step across the street." A more friendly shopkeeper said to those gathering around, "This woman has some books to sell. Who will buy?" In a few words I explained that they contained "good news" to them. They began to clamor to have them given to them. This I firmly refused to do. I started to go on, the crowd following, when one young man from the government school came up and asked in tolerable good English if I would wait a little as some of them wished to buy some books. I sold nearly all I had. The majority of the buyers

were young men and boys. One buyer was the shop-keeper who wished me to cross the street. So characteristic was this act not to seem to patronize Christianity until the crowd began to buy. Strange that human nature should be the same the world over.

Home at last, with three hungry, sleepy little ones to care for. In the morning I saw our Brahmin friend who showed such contempt for our books sitting in one of their "high places," singing the shasters. May the day quickly come when priests and people shall serve the living God.

SORAH, INDIA.

TO THE FRIENDS OF MISSIONS.

DEAR MRS. BREWSTER: It has been suggested by some of our western sisters that an account of work done in Minnesota be given to the readers of *THE MISSIONARY HELPER*.

We believe our eastern sisters will rejoice with us that more workers are added to our numbers. March 25, we left Champlin for the Blue Earth Valley Quarterly Meeting, where existed no woman's missionary societies. This Quarterly Meeting has five church organizations, three church buildings, and two resident pastors. The two pastors are the Rev. B. F. Kelly, and the Rev. T. McElroy, the latter having been in the Quarterly Meeting only four months. The first church visited was Janesville, where we held a missionary meeting in the church on Sabbath morning, March 28, and at the close of services organized a woman's missionary society with six members.

A collection was taken for the new society amounting to \$4.45.

April 1 held a missionary meeting at Elmore in the Chain Lake Quarterly Meeting, and organized an auxiliary with twenty-five members. A collection was here taken of \$1.22. On Sabbath morning of April 4, held a meeting in the church at Delevan, and after the services organized a women's missionary society with thirty-nine members. The collection here was \$4.29. Another meeting was held in the church Monday afternoon to explain more fully the mission work. There was a good attendance of ladies and much interest manifested.

April 8, on Thursday evening, held a meeting in the church at Mapleton, and organized an auxiliary with four-

teen members. Here a collection of \$2.00 was taken. April 11, on Sabbath morning, held a meeting in the school-house at Medo, as this place has no church building.

This is the only church in the Blue Earth Valley Quarterly Meeting, but is accessible by railroad. Although this society has no church building and is eight miles from the station, it is in no way behind the other churches in intelligence and good works. We organized here with twenty-two members, and a collection will be taken at their next meeting.

April 14, on Wednesday afternoon, held a meeting at Madelia and organized a women's missionary society with eleven members. This latter place has no building, and for the last year no pastor. This Quarterly Meeting needs more pastors. Copies of the *MISSIONARY HELPER* were left with the officers of all these new societies and agents appointed, and we expect many copies will be taken in each new society, for we know they will prove helpful in many ways. The next session of the Blue Earth Valley Quarterly Meeting will be held at Delevan, at which time their new church will be dedicated and a Quarterly Meeting Women's Missionary Society organized. The sum of the three weeks' work is as follows: 452 miles traveled; seven missionary meetings held; six auxiliaries organized, with an aggregate membership of 117. Traveling expenses, \$13.35; collections taken, \$11.96.

Although the members of these societies are more scattered than in the east, yet we trust these new auxiliaries will grow and become a power for good, for the west especially needs the united efforts and prayers of all its women.

Mrs. A. A. McKENNEY.

CHAMPLIN, MINN., April 20.

Literature Flund.

[BY MRS. J. L. PHILLIPS]

EVERY worker in the Christian field, home or foreign, is calling in the same sure voice. "Give us more information, more facts, more incidents." The key note from every Yearly, Quarterly, or Auxiliary meeting is, "Come and *tell* the people. If they only *knew* the needs how heartily they would respond." Hence, we come boldly to you who are saying: "What can I do to help," and assure you any sum,

however large or small, sent to this Literature Fund will be used by the woman's Publication Committee in meeting this most encouraging demand. Had we means to replenish the Bureau of Missionary Intelligence, how many questions of vital importance to the work might be answered.

In one week there came to me from Michigan, "Will you send me a paper upon caste?" from Maine, "Could you send me a story for our children's band?" from a friend, "I've got to make a mission speech, can't you help me out?" from a president, "The interest in our society is flagging. Can't you give us something fresh from the field?" Aside from these requests I thought I had more regularly planned work for missions than I could possibly do, still the mail bore away envelopes promptly superscribed, and if they carried even a crumb of comfort or help I'm thankful. But how much more thankful the receivers would have been could I have drawn for them full and satisfactory responses from the Bureau, or could I have sent some of the beautiful leaflets that other denominations are scattering broadcast through the land.

Hundreds of leaflets from zenanas, jungles, Harper's Ferry, the distant West, and from our own doors, should to-day be flying into our own homes and into the homes remote from the great centres of Christian effort where missionary literature is found. The singing birds and opening leaves have come again. Our hearts, our homes, our garments even, are rejoicing in this newness of life.

As I sat in church the other day and noticed the lovely flowers and sprays of green that graced the solemn place and watched the earnest faces of devout women, I thought of a sunnier land than this where the lovely flowers are showered in mild profusion before dumb idols, and mothers driven by the "fell power of superstition," sacrifice their tender babes to appease the wrath of a block of wood.

Oh! send us money that the dark places of the earth may be brought to light; more leaflets, more fresh news, and a more helpful **HELPER!** Though editorial contributors and some of our earnest pastors have been enriching its pages, still it needs more and more to answer the calls from those who study it.

Are there not legacies already in store for this literature fund? Are any friends writing me desirous to send a mite or much, drop it into the letter and thus save a few of your

moments and I will forward it to Miss Gardiner who is kindly welcoming this work and desires its permanent success.

May not the Publication Committee be enabled by prompt receipts to commence this work in earnest?

We are truly grateful to Mr. Orin Hill, of New Hampshire, for his instructive paper for Sabbath schools, and for ten dollars for the fund which will enable us to publish it at once, also to the young friend who sent us the first two dollars from Pascoag.

Finance—Special Work.

FROM the following list auxiliaries and individuals may select special work. Our greatest need, however, is for the Home Mission and General Work departments. If teachers are desired please write to me or to the missionaries, who will try to assign them as they may be wanted. If at any time any auxiliary wishes to give up the support of a teacher for some other department of work, the missionary with whom the teacher is located should be notified at once, and any change in teachers will be reported by the missionaries. In sending money to the treasurer specify *definitely* to whom it is to be credited and for what it is intended.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Salary of Miss Ida Phillips, in shares of \$5.00 each.

“ “ Miss Mary Bachelor, “ 4.00 “

“ “ Miss L. Coombs, “ 1.00 “

Teachers at Balasore, 5; Miss I. Phillips, Balasore, India.

“ “ Midnapore, 4; Miss L. Coombs, Midnapore, India.

“ “ Bhipore, 3; Mrs. J. E. Burkholder, Midnapore, India.

HOME MISSIONS.

Salary of Mrs. L. Brackett Lightner.

Appropriation for School Work at Harper's Ferry.

Western Department.

MISCELLANEOUS.

General Work.

By order of the Board, TREASURER.

Home Department.

Fear Not.



THINK not what men will say,
But walk from day to day,
As one whose daily pathway lies
Close by heaven's high wall, 'neath angels' eyes.

What matter smile or frown,
If angels looking down,
Shall each to other talk of thee
In tones of love continually;
Until the name on earth but seldom heard,
Shall get to be in heaven a household word."

Modern Esthers.

[BY MRS. M. A. W. BACHELDER.]

THE character of Queen Esther is usually considered, in its public sense, as that of a woman highest in the land heroically risking her life for the salvation of her people. It is the common sense tact of Esther, the wife, to which attention is now called.

The king had been influenced by the wicked Haman to do a wrong thing. Esther desires to change his purpose, and in so doing shows tact and common sense well worth copying in the present day. First, she uses religious means to make sure of a right understanding with God, which is always the best safeguard against mistakes; then she carefully dresses in order to be as pleasing as possible to the king; then, by a wonderful stroke of policy, she invites him to a great dinner, composed, no doubt, of his favorite dishes. Her petition waits even until the second dinner. Whether king or husband, what could he withstand?

Some of the wives of to-day have husbands who are led by wicked Hamans into intemperance, irreligion or, it may be, that the Ahasuerus of the home is cross or stingy, or grown so cold, Esther cannot tell whether he cares for her

or not. Sometimes in such cases, Esther brings up in rather an acid manner the pleasures and comforts of the home she left, scolds about being alone evenings, takes no pains to have the right things to eat, and puts her hair up in the most unbecoming style. Ahasuerus only growls the harder and possibly bangs the door. The state of this home kingdom is sad indeed. If, instead of following this course, every such wife would go first to God with heartfelt prayer that her words and acts may be just right; try to please by neatness and taste in dress as she did years before; get a gala dinner now and then with all "the best things," just for her husband; treasures in mind, nice bits from books and papers for table talk, where is the Ahasuerus who will not hold out the golden sceptre of his love and say, "What wilt thou, Queen Esther, it shall be even given thee to the half of my kingdom."

HILLSDALE, MICH.

A SUGGESTION like the following is made by Miss Willard, with regard to meetings of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union which may be made practical in other ways. She says: "To enhance the interest and value of local union meetings let a lady be appointed to read a chapter aloud from Francis Power Cobbe's grand book on *The Duties of Women* and let discussion follow. This is one of the best means of enlisting thoughtful women and convincing them of a woman's duty in the larger circles of activity and influence."

IT would seem that painters are not going to have it all their own way, as far as decoration of our homes is concerned. Poets and prose writers are taking their places with them. "Poems and prose," says the *Book Buyer*, "in the autobiography of their author, neatly framed, are now to be found interspersed with the pictures in many a London drawing-room. This is a very pretty notion, and likely to become very popular."

FROM *Our Monthly* it is learned that Miss M. A. Brennan has accepted a call to the Free Baptist Church at Poland, N. Y., to enter on her duties the first Sunday in June. In the meantime she remains in Buffalo and occupies the Hudson street pulpit in the absence of Dr. Ball in Europe.

Overworked Women.

NOTHING is more thoroughly mistaken than the idea that a woman fulfills her duty by doing an amount of work that is far beyond her strength. She not only does not fulfill her duty, but she singularly fails in it. There can be no sadder sight than that of a broken-down, overworked wife and mother, a woman who is tired all her life through.

The woman who spends her life in unnecessary labor is by this very labor unfitted for the higher duties of home. To the over-worked woman green old age is out of the question. Her disposition is often ruined; her very nature changed by the burden, which, too heavy to carry, is only dragged along. Even her affections are blunted, and she becomes merely a machine. A woman without the time to be womanly; a mother without the time to train and guide her children; a wife without the time to sympathize and cheer her husband; a woman so overworked during the day that when night comes her sole thought and most intense longing are for the rest and sleep that will probably not come, and even if they should she is too tired to enjoy. Better by far let everything go unfinished and live as best she can, than entail on herself and family the curse of overwork.—*Sanitary Magazine.*

THE following facts become very familiar to every student of heredity. When Oliver Wendell Holmes was asked at what time the training of a child should begin, replied: "A hundred years before he is born." Dr. Strong says that the training of a child not only *should* begin a hundred years before he is born, but that it *does* begin then. Not only traits of character, but mental and physical qualities of the great-grandfather appear in the great-grandchild.

How much ancestral forces have to do in making us what we are to-day is an interesting question for study.

AH! five and twenty years ago had
I but planted seeds of trees,
How now I should enjoy their shade,
And see their fruit swing in the breeze.

—From Alger's "Oriental Poetry."

National Temperance Hospital.

Few things are more suggestive of the progress of thought regarding the harmful effects of alcohol, than the establishing of a temperance hospital. In 1873 one was opened in London under the management of physicians, who, out of their success in private practice of treating diseases without alcoholic medicines, hoped by this way to show to the world the possibility of such treatment. In the United States there was organized, in 1884, in Chicago, under a charter, a movement for a National Temperance Hospital, and after two years of patient working, the building located at 3411 Cottage Grove Avenue, was opened for patients March 16. The charter includes a medical college for men and women, a hospital, a training school for nurses and dispensaries.

The principle upon which the movement is based, is the *successful treatment of disease without alcohol*. It is under the immediate care of women of the Woman's Temperance Union, Mary Weeks Burnett, M. D., being at its head, and Miss Willard, chairman of the advisory committee, which is composed of some of the foremost men and women in America.

"WE applaud the artist whose skill and genius present the mimic man upon the canvas; we admire and celebrate the sculptor who works out that same image in enduring marble; but how insignificant are these achievements, though the highest and fairest in all the departments of art, in comparison with the great vocation of mothers! They work not upon the canvas that shall fail, or the marble that shall crumble into dust, but upon mind, upon spirit, which is to last forever, and which is to bear *throughout its duration the impress of a mother's plastic hand!*"

THE *Herald of Health* is a magazine which takes for its motto "A Higher Type of Manhood, Physical, Intellectual and Moral," and well sustains its excellent character. It is now publishing a series of papers on "How to Strengthen the Memory," and also on the health and working habits of some of our busy men and women which are eminently suggestive. It is published by M. L. Holbrook, M. D., 13 and 15 Laight Street, New York. Price, \$1.00 a year. For 25 cents the publisher will send three different sample numbers.

Words from Home Workers.

MAINE.

DEAR MRS. BREWSTER: I want to tell the readers of the *HELPER* what can be done by a very few. In January last, we formed a circle in connection with the Pioneer Mission Band of the Ellsworth Quarterly Meeting, of which we are members. We meet every Monday evening with our children and what friends may come in. We read a chapter, all reading so as to help the children to feel they have a part; have prayers and singing, then recitations or reading on the subject of missions. The box is passed for any pennies any one may feel disposed to give. We have in this way got nearly two dollars, and are well at work on a quilt, and also are knitting. It is doing us a great deal of good, and helps to care for a ragged school, in the care of Miss Coombs, at Midnapore.

Mrs. JULIA A. CHATTO.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

Mrs. Babcock accompanies five new subscriptions with these words: "I went twenty miles last Saturday to try and present the claims of the *HELPER* to a church that I thought had never seen it, and succeeded in getting there five subscribers. I hope they will continue for years to come. I fail to see how Free Baptist women are contented to do without its helps."

Miss Bloodworth, of Tobique River, says: "May the Lord bless and strengthen those who are in the field, and call more laborers into His vineyard, is my frequent prayer. I am glad the work in this Province is increasing."

MICHIGAN.

The Woman's Missionary Society of the Cass and Berrien Quarterly Meeting, held its last public meeting with the Summer-ville Church, on Saturday evening, March 27. After reading of the Scriptures by the president, Mrs. J. B. Lash, prayer was offered by the Rev. J. D. McColl; then followed reading of secretary's report; select reading by Mrs. Hutton; a song finely sung by little DeWitt Lash; a recitation was nicely recited by little Nina T. Hutton; an essay on India by Miss Shearer, was rich in good things. There was also an essay by the secretary. Bro. McColl made a stirring speech, and then Master D. Lash preached a short sermon, after which a collection of \$3.09, was taken.

Twelve new members joined our Quarterly Meeting Society, and we trust there are many more that will. O, that the time may speedily come, when not only a few here and there, but every one in our churches and Sunday Schools shall bear a part in this grand work of sending the Bread of Life to those who have it not.

Miss LOLA M. SUTTON, *Secretary*.

The ladies of the Woman's Missionary Society, of Leslie, are a band of willing workers. During the past year they have quilted four quilts, tied two comforters, sewed carpet rags enough for seventy-five yards of carpeting, held twenty meetings which have been well attended, and have raised one hundred dollars.

The officers for 1886 are: President, Miss E. Clickner; Vice-President, Mrs. S. S. Schnell; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss C. Norton; Agent for HELPER, Mrs. A. A. Leach; Collectors, Misses Addie Norton, Helen Leach, Florence Taylor, Mrs. A. A. Leach, and there are ten copies of the MISSIONARY HELPER taken.

CARRIE NORTON, *Secretary.*

The Woman's Mission Society of the Hillsdale Quarterly Meeting held a public meeting with the Bankers Church, April 10. There was a good delegation from the nine Auxiliaries. The treasurer reported \$25.00 more funds raised this quarter than any previous one. By vote the society send \$25.00 to Long Pine, Neb., to assist in furnishing the church lately built there. Resolutions appreciative of respect and love for Mrs. W. E. Dennett, who has left us for Springville, N. Y., were most cordially adopted. "Kittie's Appeal for Missionaries," was recited by Gracie Palmer, and was so well appreciated that she collected \$3.20 by her plea. We have long since learned that "God loveth a cheerful giver."

Mrs. J. R. MOWRY, *Secretary.*

WISCONSIN.

Mrs. Briggs, sister of our missionary Griffin, writes from Hortonville: "We have finally succeeded in organizing a missionary society for the benefit of the 'Boys' Orphanage,' in the care of Mr. and Mrs. Griffin. We are starting on the 'penny a week' system with sixteen boxes out. The officers are as follows: President, Mrs. J. Griffin; Vice-President, Mrs. S. Torey; Secretary, Mrs. S. F. Briggs; Treasurer, Mrs. James Douglas. Our boxes will be opened about the middle of June. We hope by that time to have a number more taken."

MINNESOTA.

The Woman's Missionary Society of the Hennepin Quarterly Meeting held a public service Saturday evening, March 12, in connection with the Quarterly Meeting, at Elk River, Minn. The secretary read reports from nine auxiliaries—the largest number of reports at any one time since our organization. It was very encouraging and served as a bond to unite our hearts in closer union with the loyal sisters who are laboring so earnestly to fulfill the command of the dear Master, "Go, disciple all nations."

There were readings: "Some Women's Ways," "Jesus' Seat," "Aunt Parsons' Only a Penny" story, and other selections. "Religions of the World," with diagram, by Mrs. A. A. McKenney, was instructive. Collections of \$4.50, was appropriated to home work.

Mrs. GEO. B. BRADBURY, *Q. M. Secretary.*

Children's Niche.

Lilies of the Valley.



LILY of the valley,
Oh may my nature be
As pure und sweet and lovely
As that dear flower to me.

A lily in the garden
Of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
May I obtain his pardon,
And trust him for his word.

A lily that will blossom
And give out sweet perfume,
In thought, and word, and action,
Like loveliest flowers in June.

A lily that will ever
Be humble, modest, mild;
A ready, willing worker—
Yes, Jesus' loving child.

Ye lilies of the valley,
From out your sweet white bells
Ring music, then, to rally
The children from the dells

To work with you for Jesus,
And send the blessed fact
That Jesus died to save us
From every sinful act.

— *Selected*

Opening the Mission Boxes.

[BY MRS. J. A. LOWELL.]

ONE of the pleasantest features of our Children's Society, the Golden Rule Workers, is opening the mission boxes. This is done once a quarter. That there may be no forgetfulness as to the time, on the Sabbath preceding the meeting the children are requested to bring their mission boxes. The boxes are deposited on a table, and just previous to the closing exercises, the little ones gather around, while the secretary, pencil and paper in hand, proceeds to open them. How the bright eyes shine, and the cheeks flush, as the eager children watch the jingling coin as it rattles on the table. All is interest and enthusiasm, and, what is most encouraging, this interest seems not to abate as the months go by.

The first time the boxes were opened, the amount realized was so large that all were surprised. "It is a new thing; you'll not get so much again!" was the remark of several, when informed of what the children had done. It was to be expected that the competition to see who should secure the largest sum, should abate, and we were very willing that it should; for there is, of course, a difference in the pecuniary circumstances of the children; but, as before stated, the interest seems in no degree to diminish, and each time the boxes have been opened no mean sum has been realized.

What educators are these juvenile societies. No danger of their members becoming mean and penurious as they advance in years. The pennies, so constantly given, expand the young hearts of the donors, and teach them the blessedness of doing good. I often think that when the children come to take the places of their elders in the battle of life, the necessity of these constant appeals for means to carry on successfully our benevolent enterprises will be greatly lessened. Taught, as so many of them are, almost from their very babyhood, to give to those in need, this habit of giving will increase with their growth, so that it will come to be a privilege of which they would on no account be denied.

Just now our Golden Rule Workers are very busy preparing for a festival, from which they expect to realize generous results. They are working hard in getting ready their feast of good things, and no doubt will receive the abundant encouragement which their efforts deserve. (The net receipts of the festival were thirty-three dollars.)

DANVILLE, N. H.

Report of the Missionary Stock Co.

(A Dialogue showing what became of the Missionary Potatoes.)

(CONTINUED.)

CHARLES.—Didn't I tell you so, Edward?

EDWARD.—Tell what?

CHARLIE.—Why, that it would *pay* to take a risk in business for the Lord. It is just five months, now, since we nine boys organized our stock company, and just see what we have accomplished! It is beyond my expectations.

EDWARD.—And mine, too. As Deacon Evans said: "That potato-patch beats everything I ever saw in potatoes." Why some of them measure ten and a half inches—just the kind to be saleable. It was a lucky hit that we planted that new variety, the "Beauty of Hebron," they yielded splendidly, and prices are good now. I suppose we shall know when our treasurer comes in just how much money we have made.

CHARLIE.—I do hope that we can pay off that mortgage this fall.

HARRY.—What mortgage?

CHARLIE.—Oh, you are a new boy and took your share in the concern after we had organized; so you didn't hear about it. But it is this: We learned that there was a heathen boy on the other side of the globe that held a mortgage on our property.

HARRY.—A mortgage on our property! How did you find that out?

CHARLIE.—We found that out by those "*Stewards*" texts, "Freely ye have received, freely give," and those "*Inasmuch*" verses, and so on. They taught us that our property is not our own—that the Lord has a claim on it, and in order to discharge those obligations we agreed to support a boy in the Ongole school, India, only the boy holds the mortgage. At least that is the way we put it when we entered into this business arrangement.

HARRY.—But who told you about the boy?

EDWARD.—The girls told us that they had started a mission band, devoting a "tenth" of the proceeds of their heneries for the support of the girls' school in Ongole, so we thought we would work for the boys' school—either help with their buildings or take stock in a boy there, or, as Charlie says, "Pay off the mortgage that he holds on us." Queer, isn't it, that while he has a hold on us, we have a hold on him?

HARRY.—Yes, it is. It would indeed be a great satisfaction to us, besides doing much good if we could educate that boy to be a Christian preacher for his people. We have been learning a good deal about the Telugus in our meetings this summer, and I think we couldn't do better than to give them a lift.

CHARLIE.—We'll soon see how we stand financially, for here comes our treasurer and financial manager with his report. [Enter Dick, also several other members.]

DICK.—Mr. President (addressing Charlie) our Sabbath School Superintendent has been greatly interested in our plan, and requests that a report of our doings be read to the school next Sunday; therefore, as this is an informal report I will read it as it now stands.

[Reads report as follows:]

Report of Missionary Stock Co., in account with Dick Somers,
Treasurer. DR.

To rent of one acre of land,	\$ 5 00
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To labor, preparing ground and planting, . . .	\$15 75
Five bushels seed, at fifty cents	2 50
Cultivating,	6 90
Marketing,	5 40
Incidentals,	2 75

Total expenses, \$38 30

CR.

By cash, weekly "tenths" from nine boys for five months, 18 00
 392 bushels potatoes, at sixty cents, 225 20

Receipts, \$253 20

Net profits, \$214 90

In addition to this report I will say that I have received a good many criticisms on the management of this missionary field; but as you gave the matter into my hands, and with the advice of others of this company I felt at liberty to expend considerable money in cultivation and fertilizer. And now I think you see the result in \$214.90 in clean cash. You see it pays to put in development money. I've found that out. You can't afford to spread the money out thin on a missionary field.

CHARLIE. — What price did you pay for labor? I see you have omitted that item.

DICK. — I paid full day's wages for every one I employed. Joe Dixon came to me one day and said he always had felt that he had a "call" to go on a mission. I told him here was a chance, and so employed him at good day's wages. He seemed greatly surprised that I did not hire him at the lowest possible figure, seeing it was missionary work. But I concluded that the Lord would rather not have his work done on the cheap. He is not a cheap paymaster himself and doesn't want his servants to be.

EDWARD. — Right, Dick. What other obstacles did you meet with?

DICK. — Well, Deacon Hyde came along one day just as I was sending to the city for seed. I paid the boy his traveling expenses, but the deacon seemed to think that the boy should pay them himself, seeing that it was the Lord's work.

HARRY.—I don't think so.

EDWARD.—Nor I, either. That's no way of doing business.

DICK.—Then Jack Hudson said, when he saw that large yield of potatoes at such a good price, that we ought to keep a share of them for ourselves. He said his father didn't believe in missions, and that "Charity begins at home." I replied that we had started out on no half-way business, and shouldn't be tempted, Ananias and Sapphira like, to "keep back part of the price," even if we did have a larger crop than we expected.

CHARLIE.—Boys, I think we all feel much pleased with the way in which our treasurer has managed our finances. It has been no slight burden on him all these months; he deserves a hearty vote of thanks.

DICK.—Never mind that. I have enjoyed the work, and am proud to think that we have been so successful. Now we can pay off that mortgage, besides helping with the school buildings.

HARRY.—After this we can say "dollars," instead of "pennies," for missions. It looks more dignified for boys of our age.

CHARLIE.—Boys, there is no one more gratified with our success than myself. I have been truly proud of that missionary field of potatoes; but I have decided that this feeling of pride about our work is all wrong. Because we have done what we could is no reason for glorying in it.

HARRY.—And more than that, we have found not only that the Lord helps in their business those who try to serve him, but also we found the real luxury of doing good to others.

DICK.—I think we must keep an eye on that boys' school in Ongole, and if we succeed in paying for those school buildings—

EDWARD.—What next?

DICK.—O, Dr. Clough will be sure to find something for us, or there'll be another boy over there to make a claim on our potato-patch another year.

EDWARD.—Then this is not the end of the missionary potatoes?

CHARLIE.—O, no. Not the end. Only the beginning.—
The Standard.

Contributions.

RECEIPTS FROM APRIL 1, TO MAY 1, 1886.

MAINE.	
Bath, for the women of India....	\$5 00
Chester ville, Auxiliary.....	3 43
East Corinth, Mrs. Mary B. Win- gate.....	10 00
East Livermore, Auxiliary, for Foreign Missions.....	6 35
Greene, Auxiliary, for Miss Coombs' salary..	9 00
Lewiston, Auxiliary Main Street Church, \$1.00 for Incidental Fund and 25 cts. Literature Fund.....	22 90
Sanford, Auxiliary, for Home Mission.....	3 00
South Berwick, Auxiliary, for work appropriated at Harper's Ferry.....	10 00
Steep Falls, Auxiliary, for Mrs. Lightner's salary, \$4.50, for Miss Coombs, \$4.00.....	8 50
West Buxton, Auxiliary, for For- eign Missions.....	4 00
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
Danville, "Golden Rule Work- ers," \$25.00; for school work at Harper's Ferry, \$10.00; for West Depot work in Nebraska, and \$8.00 for Mary Bachelor's salary.....	43 00
Dover, Auxiliary, Washington Street Church.....	15 00
New Hampton, Auxiliary, for general work.....	13 00
Northwood Ridge, Mrs. C. K. Bean, for Bible woman with Mrs. Burkholder.....	3 00
VERMONT.	
Sutton, Church, for Mrs. D. F. Smith's salary.....	20 00
MASSACHUSETTS.	
Boston, Mrs. G. C. Waterman...	7 00
Lowell, Auxiliary, Paige Street Church.....	23 00
Taunton, Auxiliary, Miss H. Phil- lips' support, \$2.50; Miss Franklin's salary, \$2.50.....	5 00
RHODE ISLAND.	
Auburn, Crystal Band for Miss H. Phillips' support.....	2 50
Auburn, Church, Miss H. Phil- lips' support, \$1.25, and Miss Franklin's salary, \$1.25.....	2 50
Georgiaville, Church, Miss H. Phillips' support, \$7.50, Miss Franklin's, \$2.50.....	10 00
Greenville, Auxiliary, Miss H. Phillips' support.....	10 00
Greenville, Missionary Band, Miss I. Phillips' salary.....	12 50
Pawtucket, Auxiliary, Miss H. Phillips' support, \$6.25; Miss Franklin's salary, \$6.25.....	12 50
Pawtucket, Little Workers Ragged School, \$1.25; Miss I. Phillips' salary, \$1.25.....	2 50
Providence, Auxiliary, Park Street, Miss H. Phillips' support, \$5.00; Miss Franklin's salary, \$1.25.....	6 25
Providence, Little Helpers, Park Street, Miss I. Phillips' salary	3 75
Providence, Union Mission, Aux- iliary, for Miss H. Phillips' support, \$2.50, and Miss Franklin's salary, \$2.50.....	5 00
Tiverton, Church, Miss H. Phil- lips' support.....	7 00
MICHIGAN.	
Batavia, Auxiliary, for F. M....	3 00
Hillsdale, Q. M., Auxiliary.....	31 00
ILLINOIS.	
Prairie City, Auxiliary, for native teacher with Miss Coombs...	6 25
IOWA.	
Waterloo, Church.....	10 00
MINNESOTA.	
Minneapolis, Mrs. A. G. Newman	1 00
MISCELLANEOUS.	
"For Missionary purposes"....	1 00
Total.....	337 92
LAURA A. DEMERITTE, <i>Treas.</i>	
DOVER, N. H.	
NOTE. — The Auxiliary of Saco, Me., has sent to the Rev. M. H. Tarbox, Elk River, Minn., \$23.00, to assist in his work.	

"And if he be not able to bring a lamb, then he shall bring for his trespass which he hath committed, two turtle doves, or two young pigeons, unto the Lord; one for a sin offering and the other for a burnt offering."

